August 27, 2019

[This episode starts with Tom and Paslow standing in front of their parents both visibly shocked.]

Tom & Paslow: You’re having a baby!?

Mr. Westbrook: They'll be delivered here in a couple of months, can you believe it?

Ms. Westbrook: Soon you’ll have a new little brother or sister running around here.

[Tom and Paslow look at each other nervously. Cut to them alone in the kitchen, with their parents going off in the school bus. Paslow is looking very happy, while Tom is incredibly nervous.]

Paslow: I can’t believe we’re going to have a new little sibling around the house.

[Tom gets more and more nervous as Paslow speaks.]

Paslow: I wonder what their favorite candy is gonna be. And oh, I be they’ll gonna have the coolest costumes ever!

Tom: There’s not gonna be a new baby, you idiot!

Paslow: What are you talking about? Do you think that our parents would lie to us.

Tom: Did you hear what they said?

Paslow: That we’re gonna have—

Tom: No, no, not that. Wyatt said that our new brother or sister would be delivered.

Paslow: Yeah… so?

Tom: I’m a mailkid, Paslow. If something was getting delivered to this house, don’t you think that I’d be one to know about it.

[Tom takes out a list that looks like Santa’s.]

Tom: But no matter how much I go over this list, there is no baby scheduled to be delivered to this house.

Paslow: S-so… what are you saying?

Tom: I’m saying that they must have ordered the baby, but some idiot at the post office never put it through.

Paslow: Misty and Wyatt are gonna be so disappointed when they find out! I don’t think I can… bare to tell them.

Tom: No, no, we can still fix this I think. All we need to do is put in an order for a baby ourselves and I’ll make sure that it gets delivered, personally.

Paslow: Alright, that’s simple. All we need to do is figure out where you get a baby.

Tom: Exactly.

Paslow: So… where do babies come from?

[The two of them start thinking.]

[Cut to Paslow walking down Rocky Road.]

Paslow: Where do babies come from? Where do they come from?

[Sally falls out of a tree and crashes into Paslow.]

Sally: I know where babies come from.

Paslow: Sally, what are you doing?

Sally: Waiting for Ryker to finish raking his leaves.

[Cut to Ryker looking at the two of them. He just preemptively kicks the pile of leaves he was making. Sally gets up.]

Sally: C’mon, don’t give up! You were making a super awesome pile! It would have been way better than yesterday’s!

Ryker: You wanna jump in a pile of leaves on my yard, you rake them up.

[Ryker hands Sally a rake.]

Sally: Is this some kind of reverse psychology.

[Beat.]

Ryker: Yes.

Sally: Well, I’m not gonna fall for it. I’m gonna rake up your yard and make a pile more awesome than you can possibly make!

[Ryker walks inside, while Sally starts raking.]

Paslow: So… Sally, you know where babies come from?

Sally: Huh? Oh yeah! Everyone knows that storks are in charge of baby deliveries.

Paslow: Isn’t that just a theory though?

Sally: Well, it’s the one that all of the scientists are following.

Paslow: Where am I gonna find a stork?

Sally: Max said that Franklin had one.

Paslow: Had one?

Sally: Yeah, a long time ago. After Tiana was born, he gave it to the zoo.

[Cut to Paslow and Tom standing outside of the Summerway Zoo.]

Tom: Are you sure!?

Paslow: Yeah, that’s what all of the leading scientists are saying.

Tom: I can’t believe we have to go in there.

Paslow: I know you don’t like the zoo, but it can’t be that bad, can it?

Tom: Nah, the zoo I can handle. Zeke the Zookeeper on the other hand. He’s totally crazy.

Paslow: Well then, let’s just run inside, talk to the stork, and get outta dodge.

Tom: Good idea. On the count of three, we’ll both run in.

[Paslow nods. Both of them walk to the gate of the zoo.]

Tom: One…

[Both of them rev up.]

Tom: Two…

[Tom backs up, without Paslow noticing.]

Tom: Three!

[Paslow runs into the zoo, while Tom backs up. Cut to Paslow running through a fairly ordinary looking zoo.]

Paslow: I’m gonna get there first Tom! Tom! Where did you—

[Paslow skids to a stop.]

Paslow: Great, he did it again. Probably talking about the zookeeper just to spook me too. I’ll go find—

[Paslow turns around and crashes into Zeke, a larger kid who is geared up in a safari outfit.]

Zeke: My word, I’ve never seen something so spectacular.

Paslow: Can I help you?

Zeke: Oh no, my dear boy, I think it is my duty to help you. After all, this is my zoo. Now please tell, which animal are you?

Paslow: I’m no animal. I’m looking for a stork.

Zeke: My word, we don’t get many storks around these parts. Well, don’t worry I’ll have you fixed up in a jiffy I will.

[Zeke grabs Paslow by the arms.]

Paslow: Wait, what?

[Zeke drags Paslow into a room marked “operating room.”]

Paslow: {Voice over} Wait, you can’t do that!

Zeke: {Voice over} Don’t worry, old bean, this is nothing out of my expertise.

Paslow: {Voice over} But I’m not a—

[Cut to Zeke dragging Paslow along. Paslow is crudely dressed up as a stork, with feathers on his arms and a beak on his face.]

Paslow: Stork. When I get my hands—

Zeke: Talons, I do say.

Paslow: Talons, whatever. I’m going to tear Tom to pieces.

Zeke: Which is why you belong in a zoo.

Paslow: Wait, no, I didn’t mean—

[Zeke throws Paslow in a cage and closes the door behind him. As Paslow lays on the ground, he hears giggling.]

Paslow: Who’s there?

Ariella {Voice over} In the next cage!

[Paslow gets up and looks across the aisle to see a girl dressed up as a squirrel, surrounded by squirrels in the next cage.]

Ariella: Never been to the zoo before, have yeah?

Paslow: No, can’t say I have. Can’t say I like it much either.

Ariella: Oh please. The zoo is awesome!

Paslow: You’re in a cage. Dressed as a squirrel.

Ariella: I know, and we’re celebrating nutsgiving! It’s the bestest

[Cut to the squirrels at a table, exchanging nuts.]

Paslow: I just need to talk to the stork and get out of here.

[Ariella starts laughing.]

Ariella: Don’t tell me. You seriously believe that babies come from storks?

Paslow: Well yeah, all of the leading scientists—

Ariella: All of the leading scientists thought the moon was made of cheese before we went there. Naw, babies really come from vegetable patches.

Paslow: Wait, really?

Ariella: Yupper. Seen it myself.

Paslow: Where am I gonna find a vegetable patch?

Ariella: Maybe you should ask your new friend.

Paslow: New friend?

[Paslow turns around and finds the stork over his shoulder. The stork immediately gets hearts in its eyes.]

Ariella: I think that she likes you.

Paslow: That’s nice, but I need to find my way out of— Did you say she?

[Cut to outside of the zoo. Tom impatiently looks at his watch.]

Tom: What is taking that kid so long? I didn’t want to have to do this, but I’m going in.

[Tom marches into the zoo and immediately bumps into Zeke.]

Zeke: I say, boy, what animal are you—

Tom: Oh no, I’m not letting you monkey with me!

Zeke: A monkey! My dear, you don’t even have a tail!

Tom: That’s because I’m not a monkey.

Zeke: Well, nothing a little super glue won’t fix, let’s get you fixed up right quick.

[Zeke pulls Tom, and Tom struggles to get away. Cut back to Paslow and the stork. The stork has prepared Paslow a complete candle lit dinner and it appears that they are on a date.]

Paslow: How do I get myself into these messes?

Ariella: Aw, come on. You love birds look cute.

Paslow: Ha ha, you’re very funny. I need to get outta here.

[The stork flutters her eyes.]

Paslow: Sometime today.

Ariella: Well, all you gotta do is open the door and walk out.

[Paslow looks dumbfounded. He walks over to the door, and just pushes it open.]

Paslow: Are you SERIOUS!? It wasn’t locked.

Ariella: Nope, but if Zeke catches you, it’s back in the cage you go. Great fun, isn’t it?

Paslow: This is why no one plays with some kids.

[Paslow starts running off. Cut to Zeke in an observation tower.]

Zeke: Jolly good, it seems that we’ve got a runner!

[Cut to a shot of the zoo. Paslow tries to walk off, but as soon as he gets off screen, there’s some loud noise and Zeke drags him back. Paslow tries to make a break for it, but Zeke gets him again. This happens a couple of times in various ways. Cut to Paslow dazed in the stork cage.]

Paslow: I’m glad that I didn’t say I was a lion or something.

Ariella: Oof, I know. Those lions are so touchy-feely.

[Cut to another kid dressed up as a lion, being held by a teddy bear like an actual lion, while another real lion does the nails of another kid dressed up like a lion. Cut back to Paslow being thrown into the cage once again. The stork hugs him.]

Paslow: Knock it off!

[Immediately the stork appears heartbroken.]

Paslow: Aren’t you being a little overdramatic?

[Cut to the stork eating tubs of ice cream and crying.]

Paslow: Look, you’re a good stork and there are plenty of other fish in the sea. Or… birds in the sky.

[Paslow opens the gate]

Paslow: And you’re free to go.

[The stork looks immediately touched and dashes out of the gate and flies off. Paslow rolls his eyes.]

Paslow: Drama queen.

[Paslow tries to walk out of the zoo again, before he runs headfirst into Zeke.]

Zeke: Well, well, one stork shan’t be escaping today.

Paslow: I am NOT a stork!

Zeke: Then I do say, good boy, what animal are you?

Paslow: I am NOT— wait a minute. I am an animal!

Zeke: Are you?

Paslow: I’m a human!

Zeke: Oh, so I see you are. Dearest apologies. Now if you’ll escape me, I see a monkey on the loose.

Paslow: monkey?

[Cut to Tom dressed up as a monkey, just noticed by Zeke. Zeke rushes off to catch Tom and Tom runs off. Paslow shrugs.]

Paslow: I’ll see you at home, Tom.

Tom: Uh… sure thing. Tell Misty and Wyatt that I might be a little late!

Zeke: Tally ho!

Tom: Make that a lotta late!

[Cut to Paslow pulling up turnip in Ryker’s garden. He looks at it.]

Paslow: Baby? Are you in there?

Ryker: May I ask what you’re doing?

Paslow: Looking for babies.

[Ryker has a very dumbfounded look.]

Ryker:  In my vegetable patch?

Paslow: Well yeah. Everyone knows that babies come from vegetable patches. Although yours is rubbish. I can’t seem to find any. I think your vegetable patch is just not up to snuff for babies.

[Ryker has an even more dumbfounded expression.]

Ryker: That’s the stupidest thing I ever heard.

Paslow: What do you mean?

[Ryker thinks a moment.]

Ryker: Do you expect to just pull ‘em out of the ground?

Paslow: Uh… yes.

Ryker: Nah, you gotta incubate what you pull. Like an egg.

Paslow: Oh! How do I do that?

Ryker: You sit on it. Like an egg.

Paslow: Oh, I getcha!

[Paslow puts the turnip down and is about to sit on it.]

Ryker: Not here, in your house where it’s safe.

Paslow: Gotcha!

[Cut to Paslow in his living room, sitting on a turnip. Tom comes in, still dressed up like a monkey.]

Tom: Do NOT ask me what that smell is.

Paslow: Well maybe you wouldn’t be so smelly if you—

[Tom and Paslow’s parents walk into the living room. They had just gotten ice cream. Misty has pistachio ice cream.]

Misty: What do you think we should name them?

Wyatt: I think we should wait until we see if its a boy or a girl.

[They turn towards Paslow and Tom, still dressed up as animals.]

Wyatt: Oh boys, did you have a nice day at the zoo?

Paslow: Y-yeah, we did.

Misty: Are you sitting on a turnip?

Paslow: Maybe you two should do your homework.

[The two parents shrug and go into the next room.]

Tom: Are you sitting on a turnip?

Paslow: Nevermind that. We've got more important things to figure out.

[Cut to the two of them walking outside, Paslow has the turnip in his hands.]

Paslow: We need to find out if this thing is going to be a boy or a girl!

Tom: You are aware that that's a turnip, right?

Paslow: Of course I know it's a turnip! That's where babies come from!

[Tom just has a dumbfounded look.]

Tom: Okay….

Paslow: I'm gonna ask Ryker. He should know.

[Cut to Ryker's house. There are some off-key piano sounds going on, mixed with muffled sounds of Ryker shouting.]

Tom: Yeah, I don’t think that’s going to be an option. Looks like he’s in the middle of a piano lesson.

[Paslow looks everywhere on the turnip, turning it over.]

Paslow: Well, how else are we gonna tell if this thing is gonna be a boy or a girl?

Tom: What about Dora. She’s smart.

Paslow: Yeah, and paranoid. I’m not gonna try to cross her security threshold.

Tom: Come on, how hard can it be.

[Jump cut to a shot of Dora’s house with alarms ringing.]

Announcer: Security breach! Security breach!

[The boys start screaming. Cut to them tied up and worse for the wear. Cut to Dora walking out of the shadows.]

Dora: Y-you’re very c-clever to put on disg-guises to get through my security system. But it’s n-not gonna work.

[Dora gets closer.]

Dora: Now you g-got three s-seconds to tell me which s-spooky you’re w-working for.

Announcer: One… Two…

Paslow: We just wanna know if our new sibling is gonna be a boy and a girl!

[Paslow pulls the turnip out of the rope. Dora looks very confused.]

Dora: Y-you do know that’s a t-turnip, right?

Tom: Well duh, that’s where babies come from.

[Dora thinks for a moment.]

Dora: Oh, t-that makes sense.

[The two brothers take off their ropes]

Paslow: So is it going to be a boy or a girl?

Dora: T-that’s up for you to de-decide.

Tom: What?

[Cut to the two of them walking outside of Dora’s house.]

Paslow: So… all we need to do is feed candy to a wendigo and this will be a boy

Tom: Or catch a rainbow eel and it’ll be a girl.

Paslow: Well, c’mon. Let’s get to the lake.

Tom: Lake? We’re going to the mountains.

[Cut to Dora looking outside her window.]

Dora: D-dummies. Everyone kn-knows babies c-come from a special st-store.

[Cut to both Paslow and Tom holding onto the turnip]

Paslow: But don’t you want a cute little sister running around the house.

Tom: No, I wanna cool brother hanging out with me!

Paslow: Don’t you already got one?

Tom: A cool brother would want another brother.

[The two of them start pulling at the turnip]

Paslow: Well, I think a sister would turn out better than the brother I already have!

[Tom thinks for a moment.]

Tom: Alright then. C’mon, let’s go to the mountains and get ourselves a sister

[Paslow lets go of the turnip]

Paslow: Yeah, glad you’d see it my way. Hey wait a minute we get a sister from the bottom of the lake

[Tom starts running]

Tom: I know, that’s why I’m not going!

Paslow: Why does he always do that to me!? Another Tom is just what I need around the house.

[Tom drives by Paslow in a mail car, leaving Paslow in the dust.]

Tom: I know, it’ll be perfect!

Paslow: I gotta do something, quick!

[Cut to Paslow digging through Ryker’s garden again. Ryker walks up to him.]

Ryker: Didn’t I already—

Paslow: Quick, quick! I need you to give me another turnip

Ryker: I already gave you one.

Paslow: I know, but Tom’s taking it up to the mountains because he really really wants to make it a boy. And I gotta stop one by catching a rainbow eel in the lake.

Ryker: [About to shout] Are you—

[Ryker calms down.]

Ryker: You know what. I’m done today. There’s so much chaos I can stand in one day, and sometimes I reach my limit.

[Ryker starts walking towards his house.]

Ryker: Take all my turnips for all I care. Start a whole country of babies if that’s your prerogative if it’ll get you off of my lawn.

Paslow: Um… thanks…

[Cut to Tom on the mountain, driving up in his mail car up the road.]

Tom: Almost near the top of Peakaboo Mountain. C’mon, where are you—

[A fog rolls in]

Tom: Great, I can’t see a single thing.

[Suddenly the mail car gets hit with something.]

Tom: Gah! Wendigo!

[Cut to outside of the mail car. We see an albino stag deer trapped in a spider web trying to get out of it and it keeps ramming Tom’s car.]

Tom: Quick, quick, quick!

[Tom opens up the glove box to reveal a paper bag saying “Paslow’s candy - do not touch Tom.”]

Tom: That Wendigo isn’t gonna eat me!

[Tom gets out of the truck and he looks at what appears to be a ghastly figure in the fog, similar to the traditional wendigo.]

Tom: Oh great Wendigo, I come bearing an early Miracle Day surprise.

[Tom pours the candy on the ground and the stag escapes the fog and walks over to the candy.]

Tom: Hey, you’re not a Wendigo. You’re a deer that needs to spend some more time in the sun! Get off my candy!

[Tom makes a dive for the candy. The deer immediately looks very angry. Cut to Tom running down the street.]

Tom: Help me! I’m being chased by a Wendigo!

[Cut to Paslow on the docks.]

Paslow: Come on little Turnip. Let’s make you a little sister. Just gotta get a Mermaid Suit first.

Ariella: That’s a Marine Exploring Respiratory Multi-Adaptable Impromptu Diver, to you— hey, don’t I recognize you?

Paslow: Squirrel girl? You’re here?

Ariella: Hey, my name’s Ariella. And I sell diving equipment.

Paslow: I’m just trying to get ahold of the rainbow eel.

[Ariella gasps]

Ariella: The rainbow eel? That’s like the rarest fish in the whole lake! I don’t think that anyone’s ever seen it in like 50 years. Then again, it’s not every day that people go looking for it. Say, what are you going in for?

Paslow: I’m trying to turn this turnip into my little sister.

Ariella: Makes sense to me. Let’s get you suited up.

[Cut to Paslow on the docks, wearing the MERMAID suit, which includes a mermaid tail and a breathing apparatus.]

Paslow: Great, but I can’t walk. How am I supposed to get into the lake?

Ariella: Like this!

[She kicks Paslow into the lake.]

Paslow: Gah, cold!

[Splash transition and Paslow is under the water. Little Dipper Lake is exceedingly deep. At the bottom of it are sunken wooden ships. The swimming suit actually allows him to swim rather fast.]

Paslow: Woah… all of these ships must have come from the great Splash Fight of 1804.

[Paslow gets down to the bottom of the lake. We have some shots of the view of it all, and many of the strange fish that live in the lake.]

Paslow: Now where is that eel?

[Paslow swims and he knocks on a cabin door of one of the sunken ships.]

Paslow: Anyone in there?

[Several octopus arms break through the door and grab hold of Paslow.]

Paslow: S-sorry! I didn’t know you were busy!

[The octopus pulls Paslow closer to the door and it keeps banging him against the edge of it again and again until he ends up dropping the turnip and it rolls onto the plank.]

Paslow: No! My sister! Let go of me you stupid octopus!

[Paslow struggles and he manages to break free. Paslow rushes in and grabs the turnip before it falls into a crevasse below the ship.]

Paslow: I did not come this far to lose you.

[There's the sound of something banging against the ship's door behind Paslow. Paslow turns around, nervously floating backwards. Then he thinks a moment.]

Paslow: Wait a minute… there are no octopuses in Little Dipper Lake.

[The "octopus" finally breaks out of the ship's cabin revealing a little girl in an octopus-shaped submarine.]

Little girl: You tell Ariella that I'm not done playing with her submarine yet!

Paslow: Uh… will do.

Little girl: Good. My submarine.

Paslow: You wouldn't have happened to see a rainbow eel around you, have you?

[The little girl points one of the tentacles in a direction where Paslow sees a glow. Paslow starts swimming over to it. He comes across a series of strange buildings

under the water, where he sees the rainbow eel.]

Paslow: Come here, you rainbow eel. That little sister is mine!

[The rainbow eel sees Paslow, and it freaks out. Paslow starts chasing it through caves and buildings that appear very official, similar to Town Hall. Strange colored plants illuminate the walls. This chase goes on for a bit, the rainbow eel dodging Paslow and getting him to crash into statues and pillars. Eventually, Paslow catches the runaway eel.]

Paslow: Ha ha! That sister is mine!

[The rainbow eel then electrocutes Paslow.]

[Cut to Paslow walking home, occasionally getting zapped. He laughs occasionally.]

Paslow: Tom’s gonna be so jealous when he hears that I—

[Cut to Tom running down the hill.]

Tom: Runaway! Wendigo! It’s after me!

[Paslow looks behind Tom, seeing that he’s not being chased by anything.]

Paslow: Looks like I win, Tom! Uh… Tom, you might wanna slow down.

Tom: Can’t stop! Wendigo!

[Paslow tries to step aside, but he doesn’t quite make it out of the way. Tom trips on Paslow’s shoes. Paslow falls over backwards, and the turnip goes flying into the air. It lands on the ground in a yard, while Tom crashes hard into a fence. Paslow gets up from his daze to see a tall figure pick up the turnip.]

Ms. Westbrook: Ah, how nice. The boys brought us a snack.

Mr. Westbrook: Ain’t that a treat, honey?

Paslow: Uh… guys, I don’t think that you wanna do that—

Ms. Westbrook: Why not?

Paslow: It’s not ready yet!

Ms. Westbrook: Looks ripe enough for me. C’mon, I’ll get it prepared. Then we can all go out for pistachio ice cream.

Mr. Westbrook: Didn’t we just have that though?

Ms. Westbrook: I dunno why, I keep wantin’ it.

[Cut to Paslow panicking in the yard. Tom runs up.]

Tom: You made the turnip a girl?

Paslow: Yes, and I dropped her because of YOU. And now Mom and Dad are gonna eat her! What do we do, what do we do!?

Tom: We've… gotta tell 'em.

Paslow: No, I don't think that's an option.

Tom: And why not?

Paslow: I can barely comprehend how babies are made. What chance do you think our parents have at that?

Tom: Yeah, you're probably right. But what do we do?

Paslow: Maybe… they won't eat the whole turnip?

Tom: Yeah right. You've noticed how big Misty is getting.

Paslow: Well, I didn't wanna say anything, but—

Tom: Nevermind that. If we wanna save our sister, we need to take drastic measures.

Paslow: You don't mean?

[Cut to Tom and Paslow on their knees, begging.]

Tom: You're our last hope.

[Reverse shot to show them talking to Avery. He unwraps a lollipop and puts it in his mouth.]

Paslow: It’s really important. Like the most important turnip in the world.

Avery: Alright, I’ll help you get yer little veggie back.

[Cut to Avery sitting in a dark area. He starts pressing some buttons with a determined look on his face. A light goes on from below]

Avery: It’s play time.

[Cut to Paslow and Tom looking on from a distance. Neither of them are too impressed. Avery is sitting in a wagon, holding a flashlight with a box on his head.]

Avery: Beep boop.

Tom: Who’s idea was this?

Paslow: Um… yours.

Avery: Hey guys, that was your cue!

[Tom rolls his eyes, slowly walks over to Avery and kicks the wagon. The wagon starts rolling forward… it starts slowly. And then it starts picking up speed. More and more speed. Camera jumps back to show Avery rolling… down the hill instead of towards Tom & Paslow’s house.]

Avery: We’re experiencing some turbulence!

[Avery ends up crashing into a lamppost and after a beat, a parachute deploys.]

Tom: Why the parachute?

[Paslow runs off in tears]

Tom: Hey, where are you going?

[Paslow bursts into his house.]

Paslow: Mom, Dad, don’t eat that turnip!

[Camera pans back to show that Paslow is too late.]

Mr. Westbrook: Sorry son, did you want some?

Paslow: N-no! This c-can’t be happening!

Ms. Westbrook: I’m sure we can go to the store and buy some more.

Paslow: No, that wasn’t a turnip! It was my sister! And you ate her!

[The two parents look at each other in absolute confusion.]

Paslow: When you said that you were having a baby delivered, Tom said he couldn’t find the order anywhere! So, we’ve been trying to fulfill it all day. Tom got chased by

a wendigo and I got turned into a stork and electrocuted by an eel so I could have a sister.

Mr. Westbrook: Boy, I really do need to start paying more attention in class.

[Paslow breaks down crying.]

Paslow: I couldn’t save her.

Ms. Westbrook: Um… save her? You did exactly what you had to do. You see the um… turnip, it’s like a seed.

Mr. Westbrook: Uh… what?

[Ms. Westbrook shoulders her husband.]

Mr. Westbrook: Oh yes, of course!

Ms. Westbrook: And uh… well it kinda grows inside of me.

Paslow: Hmmm… I dunno, that kind of makes too much sense. And if something makes too much sense, it can’t be trusted.

Ms. Westbrook: Well, we were able to get you and Tom, weren’t we?

Paslow: I dunno, I don’t think Tom came out entirely right.

Ms. Westbrook: Well… don’t worry about it too much sweetie.

[Cut to Paslow walking away.]

Mr. Westbrook: You know, we’ll have to tell them where babies really come from eventually.

Ms. Westbrook: Yeah… but I’m not too sure if they’re ready for the truth.

[Cut to outside, with Avery yelling at Tom and Paslow.]

Avery: You mean, you put me through all of this cuz you think that babies come from turnips!?

Paslow: Yeah, and then they eat it and it grows like a seed.

Avery: That’s not where babies come from at all!

Tom: You’re telling me that YOU know where babies come from?

[Avery motions them closer and then he starts whispering in their ears. Immediately they become shocked. Cut to the Tom and Paslow running down the street, screaming. Cut to back inside the house.]

Mr. Westbrook: Well, it looks like the boys just found out for themselves.

[Iris out on his smiling face.]

[Cut to Franklin sleeping in his bed. He wakes up and sees the stork in his face.]

Franklin: No, I thought I got rid of you!

[The stork makes a happy noise.]